SOTHERN TELLS AMUSING TALES OF BOYHOOD AND THE STAGE



call it something else. That's just grown up Mr. Sothern, sitting there

revealed a truth for critics. The title Sothern, sitting there in her woodss "just like him." And the book is brown frock and her sweater and hat "just like him." And it is owing to as blue as her eyes (did you know they this, as much as to the content of the are blue-blue as the October sky or book, that one likes to pick it up to a bright day?)-let us forget these two read and hates to put it down. naturally supposes that E. H. Sothern would have interesting reminiscences to relate, but when he relates them in philosophy. with a charm of manner and quality our distinguished writers, one is impressed and curious.

I was in this frame of mind when the Sunday editor asked me whether I day, have lunch with Mr. Sothern and talk to him about his book. I remember that when I-such is the lamental r that when I-such is the lamentanature the Sunday editor exclaimed:

to be paid to lunch with E. H. Soth-

Well, there's one who won't ask prospect and never attained.

It takes a long time to get up to the Litchfield hills where the Sotherns great thing; that he failed to do it live; but one doesn't mind that on an mattered nothing at all. That Uncle October day, when all the hills and Hugh had ever been ready to go "novalleys are dressed up in gold and copper brown and pastel rose and ma- instant's warning, that preparation. genta, and when, at Danbury, a nice that aspiration, which had seemed so little brook takes the "lerkwater" engine by the hand and leads it the rest had made Uncle Hugh quite great,

To one who had never before seen him cept as a matter of geography. "Me off the stage his quiet brown suit and and some other children realized that. his eyeglasses were a triffe disconcerting, but, of course, one couldn't train. Mr. Sothern's manner is as quiet as his dress. He talks easily, and and then an unexpected drollery will bring a quick smile to his face. serving and sympathetic, but it is the sensitiveness of his mouth that best explains what gives much of the charm to his reminiscences.

A little way out of Litchfield, on a hilltop where now all the silver birch ladies are masquerading in yellow wigs separate and distant mountain. and all the other trees look tre ing old colonial house in which the other what they are thinking about." Sotherns have been passing the autumn. It is easy to believe that third they think, why do they talk at all?" house and those occupants make one asked "Me."

d what she does."

in order that each one shall be perfor a new revue ir one of our best with the shaded that the other does mean and known hothouses where kiew York's

By DANA GATLIN.

NE of the pleasant things about wise sayings is that they are view should begin.

but when she did appear straightway she touched the illuminating notes from which this record of the interview should begin.

complain that it isn't melancholy at gives a truer picture of himself than If he had done the other thing."

Take that episode of the wrestling by Joe Jefferson. In those days we match in the Gramercy Park Hotel, played many plays. The rockery in For a moment let us forget the behind his eyeglasses in the Litchfield In that last sentence Miss Marlowe house; and let us try to forget Mrs. "melancholy remembrances," and see

"Where are you going?" said Uncle of style which should alarm some of Hugh one day, when "Me," flying like the wind, coinded with him around corner of the garden.

"Nowhere," said "Me." "Ah! a very good place, too," said Uncle Hugh.

I didn't suppose there was very good place to be bound for. There woman in New York who would ask were no responsibilities, no tiresome

> rescue "Chinese Gordon," that was the where" at the Queen's command at an childish, was one of the things that quite poor and quite happy. That he did not get anywhere was nothing exthe great thing was to start with en thusiasm and to keep going with great intention on the tips of one's toes for

And here's another lesson learned in

company with "Uncle Hugh": "Why do those two men shout so a each other?" inquired "Me" of Uncle one's neighbor's salad. the street who were not more than six inches apart but who were yelling as though they were, each of them, on a

"They are shouting," replied Uncle mendously "dressed up." is the charm- Hugh, "so as to conceal from each tonhole laughed pleasantly, But if they don't want to tell what I could even find my way around there now. It's so long since I've been

another mutually happy. "If they don't talk," said Uncle New Illinois is home to a consider-I was at once given my promised Hugh, "each is afraid the other will able number of good New Yorkers. lunch, though I did not eat it with consider him unintelligent or, perhaps, which is the apology, if one is needed, Mr. Sothern. He merely sat and unkind, and they believe that the for a mild interest in what followed. Sothern. He merely sat and unkind, and they lead that they fall the more they disguise it would have been hard to be deaf, at they better in Peoria?" asked lips not opening very far. She laughed the country wife lives according to a very the fact that they really have not any any rate, for the carefully got up the country conviction. atrict regime," he explained, "and I thing to say; so they shout the thing young man was talki. T about himself. simpler to eat when she does they don't mean and don't want to say

strict regime, was resting after a late door want to say it." night life is carefully forced breakfast, did not appear till later. There are many anecdetes relating flower.

to Uncle Hugh in "The Melancholy | together and wide eyed, to approach Tale of Me," and there are many more again for the next verse and the next

quite mad, but, of course, that was or even from his meals, saying. "Ta only because he was so very sane. He wants the "Muggler's Leap." used to take me about London, this "When Joseph Jefferson visited Eng-strange sallor, and talk to me in the land about this period to play 'Rip oddest streak. I think he really was Van Winkle' in London, he became a just talking aloud to himself. But he party to these occasions. Mr. Jeffer-adored little children, and was a child son stayed at our house in Kensington. again when he was with them. Al- You who remember the sweet and gen-though he was a poor man, he kept an tie Jefferson will smile to know that old asthmatic dog for many years in my parent told his children that a luxury in a loose box in London. In famous pirate chief was coming to another loose box he kept an old horse, hide from the officers of the law. a victim of all the ills horseflesh is "Shortly Jefferson arrived, wrapped

Me" came to be written. wise sayings is that they are always being disproved. There is a respected adage which adjures shoemakers to stick to their last; yet, in the face of this warning, a famous in the face of this warning, a famous actor recently sat himself down to write a book, and it has turned out to in that way. Perhaps not, But that's may remember that Mr. Sothern early the sories addicated," he explained, "when she asked me why I never any body speaks, and his first mate is whost is dedicated," he explained. The pirate chief will be hanged if "when she asked me why I never any body speaks, and his first mate is full of cannon balls. There is only one that they were worth recording. So, one day, the book was started. There thing and to stand on one leg. Quick! It was soing to be a book; there was hould begin.

And she said, concerning some of the intertory and the said on one leg. Quick! It was soing to be a book; there was heard me why I never any body speaks, and his first mate is full of cannon balls. There is not that they were worth recording. So, one day, the book was started. There is no time to lose. Hush!" and it was soing to be a book; there was hould begin.

You may say no child ever talked may remember that Mr. Sothern early the recording that they were worth recording. So, one day, the book was started. There is no time to lose. Hush!" and he left us.

"You may say no child ever talked may remember that Mr. Sothern early the recording the control of the third that they were worth recording. So, one day, the book was started. There is no time to lose. Hush!" and he left us.

"You may say no child ever talked may be a book; there was a property of the stories down. She thought that they were worth recording. So, one day, the book was started. There is no time to lose. Hush!" and he said, concerning some of the time the stories down. She thought that they were worth recording. So, one day, the book was started. There is no time to lose. Hush!" and he said to day the said that they were worth recording. So, one day, write a book, and it has turned out to in that way. Perhaps not. But that's be one of the most enjoyable books of the season.

The actor who turned author is Ed-

> father recount that scores of times, not twice exactly the same. All the material was waiting and I wrote it or a giant, or a flea, or an elephant down. Later it had to be sorted over, within the twinkling of an eye. My arranged in sequence, built up here

worth while I'm not sure." how young Eddy learned some lessons troducing the author's father. Edward cry this at inopportune moments, and A. Sothern, and Joseph Jefferson: when rebuked would mutter in his own

"Whenever my father's acting sea- secret language and conspire against son was over we would be off to the our peace of mind." seaside for the holiday. These halcyon Most people would have considered days at Ramsgate are especially vivid this reply foolish, not so "Me." He still-Ramsgate, made immortal in the was well aware that, for all his bright 'Bab Ballads' and in the 'Ingoldsby world-made stipulations of a business smile. Uncle Hugh's remarks were Legends' by the fearsome tale of wise and weighty. "Nowhere" was a "Smuggler Bill," who was raced over would constantly meet elderly people,

"Here on the very spot my father would reach the word 'Bang!' there was an awful effect, for he had begun the word 'Bang!' which he would give frightened, would be hurled from him

shock. These nerve racking recita-tions especially, appealed to my small "He is one of the most vivid recoilec-tions of my childhood," said Mr. Soth-trother Sam, who would frequently ern. "A lot of people thought him drag my father from his writing desk. "When Joseph Jefferson visited Eng. An Afternoon With the Famous Actor At His Country

heir to. I used to go with him to see up in a very large greatcoat and ac-these fortunate animals, but he would companied by his son Charles, who had never take grownup people to visit met with an accident on shipboard. Charles was carried carefully It was because Mr. Sothern remem-bered so many of these anecdotes of son and my father were closeted for a his childhood and of his later life, and while making Charles comfortable in because he told them so well to his bed. When my father came out I and friends, that "The Melancholy Tale of my brothers were peering through the banisters at the door of the 'pirate.'

"I was once telling a story to Mrs. "Hush! said my father. There has Fuller, the delightful lady to whom been a terrible battle on the high seas, the book is dedicated," he explained. The pirate chief will be hanged if

brother Sam was a gnome, and had to and there where needed, and a great crawl about on all fours. He, however, deal had to be discarded. Then it was was very mutinous, and no matter all put together, but whether it was what character we cast him for, he would insist on introducing the climacworth while I cannot resist right here ance of 'Rosedale,' where the hero and now quoting from some of those cries: 'Up, guards, and at 'em.' Quite recollected anecdotes. Here is one in- regardless of plot or play, Sam would

"I have been," comments Mr. Sothern on another page, "nursed on more knees than any other baby in Amer-While the men and women of my father's generation were yet alive I ture of 'Smuggler Bill.' When he Stoddart, William Warren, Mrs. Vinthe verse in a low, mysterious tone, had accommodated me. From knee to very tense, and holding on to us as knee I would seem to have hopped anywhere, though to protect us from impending as birds from bough to bough. I must of the kind

claim: 'Why, I nursed you on my knee when you were a baby:' Old danger. He proceeded rapidly in this have reposed upon as many bosoms

garbed young woman at the end of an did it last year." otherwise unintelligible sentence.

suit with a white carnation in his but- lived out there." "Goodness," said he, "I don't believe

Rehearsals, it seems, are already on

just got a letter from her to-day to say Oldest'

plained.

"How nice," said the young woman.

But it sounded rather flat, as if she might be thinking.

"This matter of laughing was a par-

in the young woman's chaperon. "I "It was in the summer of 1887 that

Home Brings Many Delightful Revelations, Among Them That Miss Marlowe's Eyes Are Blue

AT THEIR COUNTRY

many an unwilling nurse.

Once started it is hard to stop quet-

"'Mrs. Midget' was small and elf- it up! like; bashful, clusive, and, in a sweet high, her nose tip tilted like a flower friends.

seemed an entirely appropriate name laugh. To this day she will tell you out with her." ty-four, but there was a general im- fascinates you was due to this treat- Mrs. Mabbitt refused to go alone or to pression that he was at least a hundred and two. Anyhow, he seemed appallingly ancient to 'Mrs. Midget.' him. He has to keep his eye on it from manition and lack of fresh air or

"It was the habit of 'Mr. Oldest' to stage laugh, and is accounted painful self. I chose the latter course, and work very hard at everything and at to the listener. But 'Mr. Oldest' per- might be seen some fine days prancing people, and then, best of all, one never used to read to three delightfully terri-knee when you were a baby!' Old nothing. In fact, a candid and unseveres and hopes to half through the park with a distinguished doing something to help arrived there, so that it was ever in field children the blood curdling adventage. Couldock, Mrs. Walcot, Joe Jefferson, pleasant friend had said to him one long before he dies day: 'You think you work, but you don't, you fidget.' Indeed, this was stoddart, William Warren, Mrs. Vincent—— I could name a thousand in
public and private life whose knees frequently the case, for much of the
charm and industry for which she had
There are many other anecdotes in effort of 'Mr. Oldest' failed to get him become noticeable attracted the at- "The Melancholy Tale of 'Me," relat-Still, his restlessness was of the kind exhibited by persons eager climb, step by step, the ladder of fame, profession, his hazards and trials, his pears of retirement from the class to start in a race, and who lift up first | She was in the habit of declaring that associations and so on, but as white rest and "regime." looks so we hushed, tense tone until he reached as did Queen Elizabeth on four post one foot and then another, who hop the fidgeting of 'Mr. Oldest' had in- paper is dear and newspaper space is beds. Whether I was nursed thus be- about and swing their arms and cry, duced her to fidget too. She became limited the interested reader will have out with such a shout that the covern cause I was beautiful or good, or be- 'Ha! ha!' as the war horse of the renowned as a great worker, quite to go to the book for these, echoed again, and we, gloriously cause the last good Samaritan desired Scriptures is reported to have done indefatigable, with a consuming ampresent we must leave the book and to hand me on rapidly to the next, when he scented battle from afar; and bition to do great things in the theatre, return to the author, sitting there in by the force of the explosion, huddled history saith not. Perchance my who clap their hands as the little hills are admitted to have clapped adgeting, had confided to her that hills. theirs, on the same excellent author-

The young man in a nifty brown used to be so fond of her when we 'Mr. Oldest' started in to fidget abnormally concerning a certain play she's dandy," said the young 'Mrs. Midget' was cast for a part in it Peoria Nijinsky with enthusiasm. "I That is now thirty years ago, but 'Mr just got a letter from her to-day to say Oldest' can remember quite well the that she got my last bundle of clothes." allm, childish figure in a summer frock "You send them home?" asked the who came to rehearsal. She had very little to say, but watched with large "Yes, indeed. You know if one has eyes everything that happened. At that nice things the laundries just ruin time 'Mrs. Midget' had a way of speak-them. And they're so expensive."

"Are they better in Peoria?" asked lips not opening very far. She laughed est,' who took upon himself to rehearse "Ot she does them herself," he ex- this play and to tell everybody how to

had constantly to say to the bystand- laugh was mirthless to a degree. It purses or make soup out of sawdust. talk from himself, but I was resolved 'Here! hold the baby!' while she was not properly a laugh at all, but a We lived in clover!

ran to take up her cue at rehearsal; succession of short, sharp explosions; "Alas! we player folk are birds of the infant would have to be controlled or, when he was uncontrollably merry, passage, here to-day and gone to-morby an alien hand, while 'Ride a cock- a wail as of some lost soul, or of some row. Soon I had to go on my tour of and your experiences in playing horse' and 'Pat-a-cake, baker's man' animal in pain. In ordinary social inmay have been sung in my ear by tercourse this did not matter, but when cook and have her too, so I installed it came to impersonating characters Mrs. Mabbitt in my apartment and plied. "I'd have to tell about my fail-"It is not always that one may excite admiration concerning one's or humorous appreciation, here was a but of vast dignity in a quiet way, prepared upon this stage of fools. Such, however, was my good fortune. Such, however, was my good fortune. Such, however, was my good fortune. Such a later written by my father parties." That is to say, he would down on each side of her face; a later claimed: What a clever fellow I amily the same an intoleration of the same and the from New Orleans to his sister in gather together four or five victims- cap on her head, mittens on her hands. England; it says:

the low comedian of his company, the and a manner that put people in their
"Lytton is the most strictly beauti-old woman, the southertte and any places at once. She suffered greatly ful child you ever saw. Fan (my other who had a bitthe spirit, a comir from rheumatism, but proceeded with face or even a miscrable countenance which might excite laughter. He would baby will be the same."

The same who had a bitthe spirit, a comir from rheumatism, but proceeded with face or even a miscrable countenance which might excite laughter. He would be the same."

The same who had a bitthe spirit, a comir from rheumatism, but proceeded with which might excite laughter. He would be the same." "The baby was myself. On De-jin a circle, He would say: 'Now then,

JULIA MARLOWE AT "CLEOPATRA"

of the season.

The actor who turned author is Edsaid and things that happened, and
ward H. Sothern, and the book is "The
Melancholy Tale of 'Me,' ' (Scribner).

"People keep asking why it's called
"People keep asking why it's called
"The Melancholy Tale of 'Me,' "ComThe Melancholy Tale of 'Me," "ComThe Melancholy Tale of "Me," "ComThe Melancholy Tale of " conscious of dignity outraged-shortly Mabbitt, so I wrote to an old coach-"One is apt to forget a thing like the whole lot would feel the contagion, man, an ancient friend of mine, and Take that episode of the wrestling by Joe Jefferson. In those days we match in the Gramercy Park Hotel, played many played man direct operations, his voice rising above an outing in the park. These excur-

way, mysterious, eager and carnest Mr. Oldest cultivated his own laugh- days her duties and her growing in-about her work, ready, indefatigable for at the expense of the peace of mind firmity gave her little time and less, Her forchead was and perchance the sanity of his inclination to take the air. At last I

prove whether or not it was tie speech from my father's perform- and slightly on one side, and she "When it became evident that Mrs. coachman friend. My brother objected laughed with lips close together like Midget's laughter was open to im- that the large carriage and the two artificial life, always eating at the a rosebud. She had a great sense of provement, 'Mr. Oldest' took her aside prancing steeds created too much stir wrong time and sleeping at the wrong humor, and her eyes were full of and explained his system. Soon she wonder.

"In the same manner when 'Mr. Seated with the others on the stage of long as your brother does not go "B him. He was only about twen- that the laughter with which she now

YOUNG MAN FROM PEORIA

Even soft, well modulated voices carry surprisingly well in those little tea shops off Fifth avenue or perhaps things are overheard because always is close to the dear girls are pretty, but they the dear girls are pretty. The did not laught, but were very real before me." It was writing of real people, they has to do thers who laughed, but "Mr. Sothern medically the had to did not laught, but were very real before me." It was writing of real people, they had to do then t

Sothern, goes on with many a word Shakespeare; perhaps reading him his privilege. I think he does of praise for "Mrs. Midget," the quaint, constantly has had some effect."

Presently Mr. and Mrs. "And how is your mother?" broke Oldest' from thenceforth. of praise for "Mrs. Midget," the quaint, constantly has had some effect." elfin, industrious creature who is, as "But the charm of style in is clear to any intelligent reader, none other than Maude Adams.

> tion in a few words is really extraor- rassed dinary to find in a novice at writing, he asked. "Wouldn't trying to do that tunn woods, and I in the train In a few sentences he puts before you spoil things" Mrs. Mabbitt, who was a cook so ex- that one must arst have something to traordinary that the actor did not write and then just sit down and write to turn to authorship, but then hesitate to risk scandal to go driving it; he must express himself natural has been the philosophy of "goust" with his cook. "She had kept house," he relates,

for my brother in his bachelor cham-London, and with his assist- before?" ance had from the humble position of charwoman climbed to the lofty pinnacle of cook. Day by day, week by that dark. I didn't want to be known | cally. week, month by month, she and he as a fellow who writes rhymes. Then, had culled from London Truth, the of course, I've written plays. Every gift of characterization and a and to laugh with wider gladness. World and other weekly papers de-"This matter of laughing was a par- voted to culinary study such kitchen writes plays, you know; or, if he writers had better watch out!

from rheumatism, but proceeded with templating further writing, and tortitude to lift heavy utensils and to looked serious.

"When I was away for about six plans. I must keep myself busy,

brother and I returned and Mrs. Mab-"The martyrs would obey and thus bitt resumed her cooking. In these had to insist on her going out with my for one's cook, and bewailed this state

"The time came, however, when Were King'?" go at all. I saw myself faced with the "'Mr. Oldest's' laugh yet troubles alternative of either losing my cook of actors' 'farewells.' Mine howwho herself was just sixteen.

"It was the habit of 'Mr. Oldest' to stage laugh, and is accounted painful self. I chose the latter course and old lady by my side balancing an ante- twenty weeks in 'If I Were King ' "For two years 'Mrs. Midget' played diluvian bonnet on her head and early

tention of wise men, and she began to ling to how "Eddy" came to choose his "'Mr. Oldest,' between moments of the Colonial house in the Litchfield

"But the charm of style in your

| without practice?" Mr. Sothern's power of characteriza- Mr. Sothern looked almost embar-I should think, rather, fleeted.

> Mr. Sothern hesitated. "A little poetry."

doesn't write them, he always has a great idea that, some day, he is going to write a play and make a sensation.

JULIA MARLOWE

Mr. Sothern began to look decidedly more cheerful as he succeeded it "I remember," he went on, "one day when there were several of us a: lunch. All of us had each an idea for a great play, it seemed. I suggested that everybody write his play, and promised to produce the one judged to be the best. Also we decided to pool in ten dollars apiece as a prize for the winning play."

"Who won the prize?" I saked.
"Not a manuscript ever showed up."

replied Mr. Sothern. Mr. Sothern is an adept at turning "Why didn't you write more about yourself in your book?" I asked "More about the parts you have played

"How could I have done that?" he reable creature."

I asked him whether he was con

"Writing interests me," he said. may be-who can tell: I make nature demands that.

I asked him why, then, he had give

up the stage. "There were many reasons," he r plied. "My wife and I had built up of work, and when we found that she ha to give it up I did not like to tur back and do something less. And as ours imposed a strain on enduance, physical and mental, that was terrific. We travelled with the equipment for fourteen plays; twelve cars. hearsing and appearing in fourteer matter from perfecting one production, then settling down in it to se "It was dreadful," seconded Mr. Sothern. "It is impossible to live tha

"So we gave it up," said Mr. Sot back to the stage this year-in 'I'

One can't endure it

"Yes, I know what they always opportunity came to me to work chose the latter course, and the British Red Cross I had to Red Cross. Mes. Sothern won't be all to accompany me on the read, but w. spend the winter in Washington. Mrs. Sothern, after nearly three

so lovely that it is difficult For the | Her blue eyes I have mentioned sincerely grateful for these blue of for they not only gave me a turn surprise but also wave me, to keep lovelier picture of Miss Marlowe :

book-how could you acquire that waiting before it should follow the tle creek back to Danbury. style" ringe, drove away bound for t

ly, and the result, whatever it is, is where." But he does admit that himself and his own style." "fidgets" when he is not busy, and "Have you ever written anything explains why he cannot keep

he confessed, "but I've kept observed life widely and symple "